CALL OF CTHULHU®

23116

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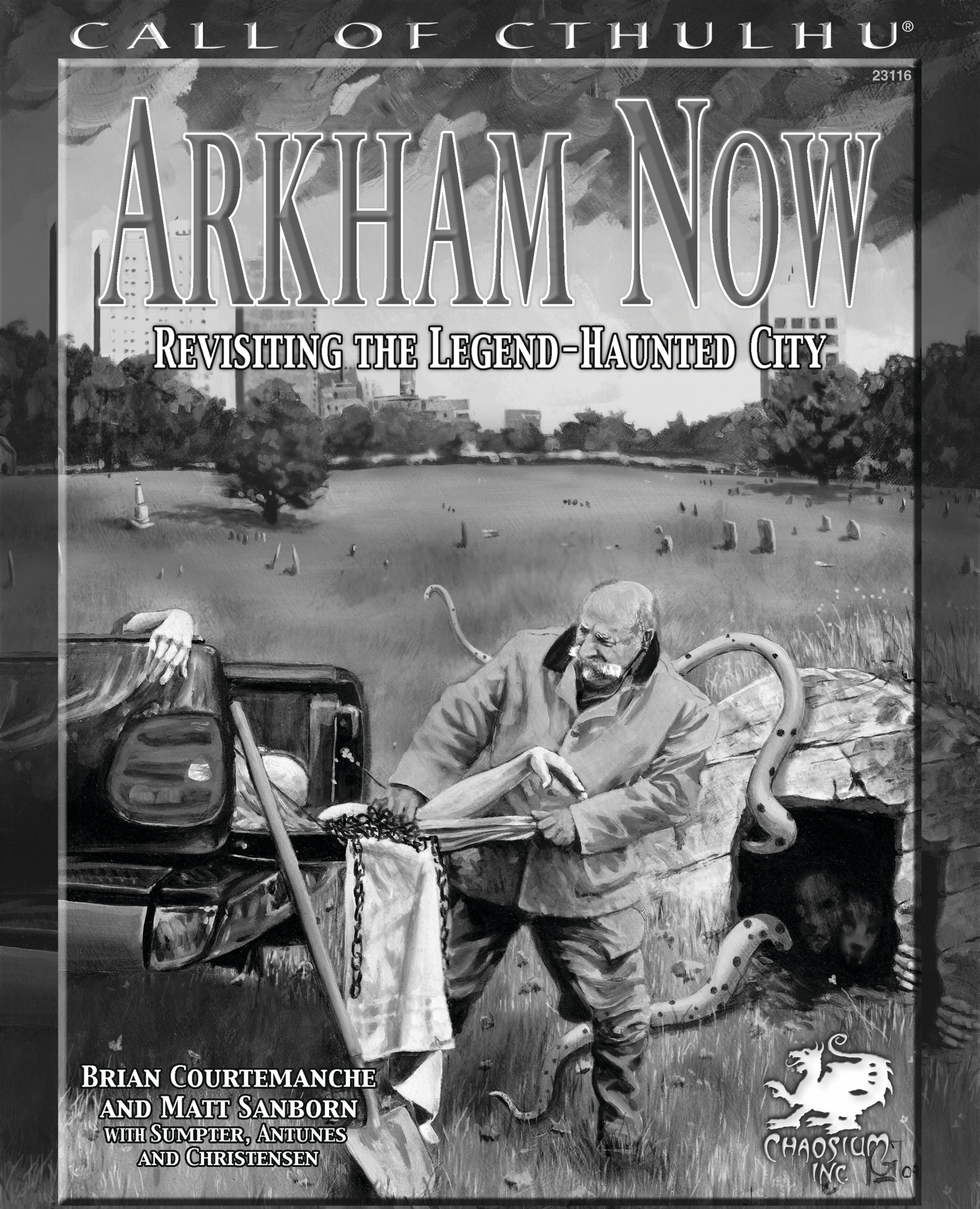
REVISITING THE LEGEND-HAUNTED CITY



BRIAN COURTEMANCHE
AND MATT SANBORN
WITH SUMPTER, ANTUNES
AND CHRISTENSEN

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LOST IN A BOOK

Lost in a Book

A Scenario Written by Brian Courtemanche

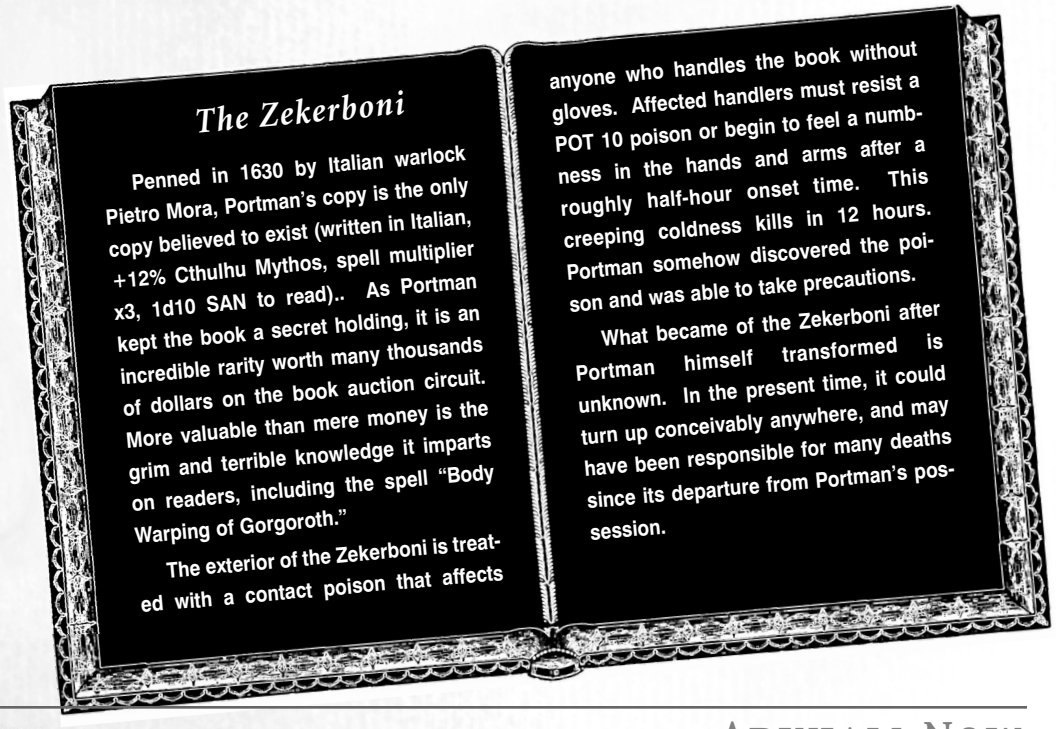
Wherein Investigators are reminded to be discriminating readers, and that a little knowledge can be a dangerous thing.

Overview:

In the 1920s, affluent bibliophile Stuart Portman had the finest book collection in all of Arkham, including the several bookshops that serviced the town at the time. Portman was also quite the degenerate, with many rapes to his credit. His wealth, family status, and natural cunning insulated Portman from the fallout of such despicable behavior.

Toward the end of his life – a lifelong smoker, Portman developed cancer of the lung in his late fifties – Portman began frantically searching for any means to prolong his existence. With so many crimes of the flesh attached to his soul, Portman in his final years developed a conscience, or at least was fanatically determined to put off any punishment for his sins that he so deftly avoided in his mortal existence.

Medical science of the day was no help – Portman was a goner. He turned to his collection of books, to the queer, strange books on black magic and occultism that he had merely collected as expensive novelties; now they might hold something of true value for the failing bibliophile. The man poured over arcane texts in his possession, finally finding in the exceedingly rare tome the *Zekerboni* (see box text) a spell which might allow Portman to exist indefinitely, though it would demand great sacrifice. The spell was a



The Zekerboni

Penned in 1630 by Italian warlock Pietro Mora, Portman's copy is the only copy believed to exist (written in Italian, +12% Cthulhu Mythos, spell multiplier x3, 1d10 SAN to read).. As Portman kept the book a secret holding, it is an incredible rarity worth many thousands of dollars on the book auction circuit. More valuable than mere money is the grim and terrible knowledge it imparts on readers, including the spell "Body Warping of Gorgoroth."

The exterior of the Zekerboni is treated with a contact poison that affects anyone who handles the book without gloves. Affected handlers must resist a POT 10 poison or begin to feel a numbness in the hands and arms after a roughly half-hour onset time. This creeping coldness kills in 12 hours. Portman somehow discovered the poison and was able to take precautions.

What became of the Zekerboni after Portman himself transformed is unknown. In the present time, it could turn up conceivably anywhere, and may have been responsible for many deaths since its departure from Portman's possession.

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variant of Body Warping of Gorgoroth (see the spell of that name in the Call of Cthulhu core rulebook).

On the appointed night, in his study, Portman sacrificed a great portion of his depraved soul into the spell, defeating the disease that ate away at his lungs by becoming something he held dear, something which did not require lungs to exist: Stuart Portman transformed himself into a book. Entitled simply "*My Life*," the book is a large, leather-bound volume with gilt silver edges. Portman also enchanted his new form with a powerful magical ward, so that any attempt to directly harm the book *My Life* activates the ward and summons an obscene thing to defend the journal.

Portman retains his consciousness within the pages of the book, and has used the book to transfer his personality to hapless readers over the years, inducing them to commit grave crimes. When the owner/reader is of no more use or is unable to act freely, Portman retreats to the book that he has become, writing there the dreadful latest chapter in his long, weird existence, and what has become of those he has possessed and abused.

Involving the Investigators

One of the Investigators receives sudden word that Ryan Davies – a good friend or relative of one or more of the Investigators - has been arrested by local police. Notification may be through the local paper, a local news program, the Internet or a more personal appeal from a mutual friend or relative to look into the matter. The following can be cut out and handed to the Investigator as a newspaper article, read as if part of a local media broadcast, or altered slightly to represent a worried phone call from a relative or friend:

"Arkham police responded last night to a reported break-in at the local M.S.P.C.A. on West Water Street around 2:30 in the morning. Arrested at the scene was 36 year old Arkham resident Ryan Davies, who authorities claim was leaving the site with a large quantity of Ketamine Hydrochloride, used commonly as a date-rape drug. No animals at the shelter appear to have been harmed. Davies is being held on $2,000 cash bail and will be arraigned later at Salem District Court."

The Investigator may want to visit the police station to make contact with Ryan, or perhaps visit his immediate family to see if they know more. At this point they may be likely to contact their fellow Investigators to see if they can help gather information.

What Investigators Know About Ryan Davies

Ryan Davies, whether friend or relative of the Investigators, is perceived as a "regular guy" and nice person, the typical "last person on earth" expected to rob a clinic for drugs in the middle of the night. Ryan is married to his college sweetheart, Katelyn, and the pair have two young children (Erin, 8 and Timothy, 3). The family lives in a small, sixties-era ranch style home just north of the downtown. Davies works as assistant manager at "Bankrupt Books" (entry 1118) in town.

What Really Happened to Ryan Davies – a note to Keepers

As might be surmised, Ryan Davies fell under Stuart Portman's control soon after he came into ownership of and began

About Ketamine

Any Investigator with **Chemistry** skill may make a roll to recall these pertinent facts about Ketamine; alternatively a quick **Library Use** roll while online reveals the same information:

Ketamine Hydrochloride (or simply "Ketamine") is a white powder that is odorless and tasteless. When added into a drink, the imbiber becomes subject to a lost sense of time and identity, loss of coordination, distorted perceptions of sight and sound, memory problems, and other perception-altering conditions. As such, it is frequently used as a notorious "date-rape drug."

For game purposes, a single dose of Ketamine is POT 15 vs. CON on the resistance table. Onset time is approximately 20 minutes. Successful resistance still results in nausea and dizziness, with the imbiber aware that they've been drugged.

Failure to resist induces sensory failure (often a complete "blackout") and renders the victim completely passive to actions taken against him or her. Memory lapses associated with the drug make it exceedingly difficult to remember the events or persons surrounding the drugging (roll **INTx1** to remember faces and maybe names at Keeper's option).

Ketamine is legal for purchase in the United States for use as an anesthetic for humans and animals, though mostly for animals. Veterinary hospitals and animal shelters are often robbed for their supplies of this drug.

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reading the cursed book My Life. Portman enters Davie's mind for minutes or hours at a time, pushing his own urges on Davies, as he has on other victims in the past. While under Portman's control, Davies keeps the book My Life secreted in the Davies' house basement, hidden in a cardboard box of Christmas decorations. Ryan pulls the book out in the late evenings while his wife and children sleep upstairs, and compulsively reads the events of Portman's life, and unwittingly writes his own sad chapter into the book.

At the Police Station

Ryan Davies sits in lockup at the Arkham Police Station, an ugly building of concrete and dark oval windows. Investigators with police credentials or who can make a successful **Law** roll are admitted to see the prisoner. Those who do not have legal credentials will find the desk clerk sitting behind the scratched, bulletproof plexi-glass reception window unresponsive to Fast Talk or Persuade rolls.

If Investigators do get to talk to Davies, the man is glad to see them, talking animatedly about heading home for work the night before the crime and then the next thing he knows he's being hauled off to jail on drug and burglary charges. Those making a **Psychology** roll realize that Davies is sincere: the man has no recollection of breaking into the M.S.P.C.A or even his actions the earlier part of that night.

If the Investigators have already been to the Davies household and know about the book that has so captivated Ryan for the last month or so, they may ask him about it. If questioned about the book, Davies hesitates for a moment, blinks, then exclaims, "oh, right! The book!" He fixes the Investigators with a worried stare and asks, "you haven't read it, have you?" He admonishes the Investigators not to read the book. He realizes it sounds bizarre, but he can't help but think that the book might have something to do with his current predicament. If pressed on this point, he describes the book as something that came into the bookstore as part of an estate sale, and seemed to be a unique item that the store did not think it could sell. His curiosity piqued, Davies took the book home and began reading it, which turned out to be an anonymously penned diary of sorts.

If asked about the contents of the diary, Davies responds that the memories of the book get dimmer the longer he spends time away from reading it. He says it was a sort of memoir written by some long-gone reprobate who got his kicks seducing women, sometimes by very downright cruel methods. As much as he doesn't take pleasure reading about such things, the book sort of drew him into the story, and he kept reading it. That's all he can recall of the book. He can't remember its title.

Davies admonishes the Player Investigators not to read the book, but to store it someplace safe. He's not sure what destroying it will do, if the subject comes up.

If Investigators are not aware of the book if and when they visit Davies at the lockup, he will not bring it up. While his conscious mind would gladly rid itself of the book's influence, his subconscious mind is malleable to Portman's will and fears giving up the book.

At this point a policeman will appear to announce that interview time is over. Davies hurriedly asks the Player Investigators to tell his wife and kids that he is OK, and that he's already made a call to a lawyer. He hopes his otherwise clean record and his "honest to goodness blackout" will render him free of penalty. Within a day, Davies' family will have posted his bail and he will be free to go home to await his trial, a month's time hence at Salem District Court.

The Davies Household

This section presumes that Investigators can interview Ryan Davies' wife, Katelyn, while Ryan himself is still in lockup. If his bail has already been posted, Keepers can invent a mundane excuse for Ryan to be out of the house for an hour or so, allowing the Investigators to interview Katelyn without Ryan being present.

Ryan Davies, his wife Katelyn, and two small children live in a small but comfortable sixties-era ranch just north of town, in a suburb filled with similar homes. A maroon minivan sits in the driveway (Ryan's blue Honda is in the police impound lot, unless he's already out on bail). Depending on how well the Investigators may know Ryan and Katelyn, getting her to speak freely may involve Persuade or Fast Talk rolls. She'll talk to anyone presenting a police badge, but will be naturally wary around private investigators or members of the press, unless they are family friends or relatives (as previously determined at the start of the scenario).

The two children, Erin and Timothy, are out of the house for a few days while things get sorted out, spending several overnights with their grandparents in nearby Middleton, Massachusetts.

What Katelyn might share with Player Investigators (below) very much depends on their own background and demeanor when interviewing her. It is of a personal - even intimate - nature, and therefore she'll button up if she senses any deceit or is treated rudely. It may take several further Persuade or Psychology rolls (player's choice) to win these statements from Katelyn Davies:

- Everything was fine at home until about a month ago. Ryan, always a reader, became excessively absorbed with a book

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he brought home from work one day. Usually Ryan liked to share news of what he was reading with his wife; suddenly Ryan became very secretive about the book he was reading. Katelyn happened to glance once or twice at the big book – it appeared to be leather-bound, a large coffee-table sized book, and fairly thick. Ryan did not leave it in obvious places around the house, but once she happened to see it out and saw that it simply bore the title "My Life" on its front. Ryan swept in shortly and hustled the book out of sight.

- Around this same time, Ryan's personality abruptly took on new characteristics: he would suddenly become rather cruel, cutting in his comments, even towards the children. He would have "episodes" where the children were called "brats" and he would refer to his wife with very uncomplimentary language. During these episodes, which would vary in length from a few minutes to several hours, Ryan would smoke, something he had never done before. The cigarettes he purchased were absurd, expensive things, smoked out of a long plastic cigarette holder ("god knows where he got that thing," remarks his wife).
- Ryan's lovemaking to his wife became very cruel and rough, where before he had been sensitive and tender. Once, when she refused him, he became verbally and physically abusive. Katelyn was in the process of waking the children up to leave the house when Ryan came to her, confused. When she told him she would not tolerate physical abuse, Ryan was distraught, and asserted he had no memory of the entire episode. He was so convincing, and so apologetic and scared seeming, that Katelyn abandoned her plans to flee with the children and began wondering if Ryan was sick.
- On the family computer, Katelyn found that Ryan had begun accessing the most vile pornographic sites, and had given himself a pseudonym while posting there: "Stuart." He frequented several online adult dating sites, trolling for local women. When Katelyn confronted her husband with this discovery, again he claimed no knowledge of the activity, and himself wondered how such material had found its way on to the family computer.
- Now Ryan has been arrested for breaking into the M.S.P.C.A., and caught with drugs. Katelyn is at the end of her patience and understanding, and is not sure what to do. She is in the process of cashing in early on some retirement funds so that she can post Ryan's bail and they can hire a lawyer for his defense. She is scared of what Ryan has suddenly become within the last four to six weeks, and is uncertain for the family's future.
- If Katelyn allows Investigators to search the house for the book (Keeper's discretion), allow each Investigator searching a single **Spot Hidden** roll to find the book secreted in the basement among Christmas decorations. If the Investigators fail to turn it up, Katelyn herself finds it at that time or mails it to the most trusted Investigator (in her estimation), with a hurriedly scrawled note that "it's better that this weird book be out of the house, anyway."

At the Bookstore

At Ryan Davie's place of employment, Bankrupt Books, Player Investigators can interview another store manager standing in for Davie's absence. This will require a successful, Persuade, Credit Rating, police credentials or press credentials. A teenage girl wearing a bookseller's smock will direct Investigators to a young woman just a few years older than herself, a manager-type in her early twenties. Her name badge says "Kris."

Kris will tell Investigators that Davies has been working at the store longer than herself; in fact, he interviewed and hired her. That was two years ago. In the intervening years, Kris came to know Davies as a kind and reasonable manager. She's not sure why he would break into the M.S.P.C.A. for drugs. A successful **Psychology** roll will reveal that Kris knows more, but is withholding something. A successful **Persuade** roll will reveal the following additional information:

- About a month ago, Davies' personality underwent some subtle yet marked shifts. He began commenting that the majority of the books in the store were "trash," not worth the paper that they were printed on. He would do this in full view of customers.
- Davies began ogling women at the store, both customers and some of the pretty female clerks. Kris admits she was one of them. On one occasion, about a week ago, Davies invited Kris to spend some time with him at the Arkham Motel (entry 1103). Davies had never acted this way before in the nearly two years Kris had known her manager, so it left her feeling hurt and confused. She was unsure whether or not to report him, as she knew he had a family to support.
- If asked about any particular books, Kris says that they sometimes get odd lots of books from estate sales. Sometimes, as a company perk, the store clerks get to take home books that are deemed unfit to sell: either too damaged, or too old, or in some way unfit for the shelves. Maybe six weeks ago Davies commented on a sort of weird old diary that came in from just such an estate sale, and took the book with him.
- Searching the records of incoming lots, Investigators will see that an estate purchase was made from Arkham Independent Real Estate (entry 710) roughly six weeks ago.

Arkham Independent Realty

The real estate agency is headquartered in a fine, aging yet well cared for Victorian home in the French Hill district of town, surrounded by a little fence, gate, and green lawn. Entering, Investigators will be greeted by a young female receptionist, possibly a college student. She looks a little bored but brightens when people enter the agency. "May I help you?" she asks with a perfect smile.

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No matter what response Investigators give, the young woman will rise from her office chair with a "just one moment, please, I'll see if I can find someone to help you." She returns less than a minute later with a realtor in tow, a smartly-dressed, red-haired woman in her mid-fifties wearing a beige business skirt, matching blazer, and white blouse. She introduces herself as Phyllis Gagne with a courteous handshake; gold and cloisonne bracelets clatter on her wrist.

Once Phyllis Gagne determines that the Investigators are not there to purchase or sell real estate but to ask questions about an estate sale, her manner becomes terse and a little colder. "I can give you five minutes, but I'm busy with several transactions," she'll say curtly, leading Investigators to a small conference room down a hall from the reception desk. She leaves them for perhaps two or three minutes to finish up calls, then seats herself at the head of the conference table, prepared to answer questions. Investigators succeeding in a **Credit Rating** roll, **Law** roll, or who offer law enforcement credentials will go farther with the agent than those who are simply "off the street people asking odd questions."

What Phyllis Gagne knows

A lot of books were sold off at pennies on the dollar to a local book chain, "Bankrupt Books" as part of a clearing out of a home on East Street in Arkham (42 East Street, to be precise). Other artifacts were likewise sold off to junk dealers or simply tossed into a dumpster: lamps, bedding, end tables, knickknacks, etc.

The previous owner of the home committed suicide over a year ago. Her house sat in probate court for a year, before the real estate agency purchased it at auction and is reselling it. Investigators making a **Library Use** roll at the Library or the newspaper morgue can read the details about the suicide and related rape accusation. Those Investigators who may be affiliated with local law enforcement can make a halved **Know** roll to recall that there was a suicide in the house and that it stemmed from an earlier assault complaint. Police records would have the full details.

Emily Schumaker

Gagne will not willingly reveal the fact that the previous owner committed suicide, as that would make selling the house doubly difficult and likely lower the price as well. She will simply say that the house was bought at auction and is in the process of being offered by the agency. A successful **Psychology** roll will reveal that she is holding something back (the suicide in the house).

Phyllis Gagne will not turn over a key to the house to Investigators nor accompany them to the home unless ordered to by legal authorities or Investigators pose as potential buyers and ask to tour the house.

From the Arkham Independent Real Estate Agency, Investigators have a number of possible leads to follow: the police station (entry 206), the Library (Arkham Public, entry 206; or the University's Orne Library, entry 644), the city newspapers (*Advertiser*, entry 130; Gazette, entry 108), and the East Street house itself. In order:

(Handout 1)

"Arkham Teen Allegedly Drugged, Then Raped"

Last Tuesday, police were summoned to a home on East Street on the report that a local girl had been drugged and raped. Arkham police are withholding the victim's name, though it is reported that she is a student at Arkham High School. According to statements, the girl was selling magazine subscriptions door-to-door in her neighborhood when the assault occurred. It is believed that police have a description of the alleged assailant, and are acting to move the case forward. After the alleged assault, the girl was released by her captor and wandered home, arriving there at approximately 8 pm Her family called police, who are investigating.

Arkham Police Headquarters

A **Law** roll or police credentials combined with a **Computer Use** roll will be required to access police records on the house at 42 East Street. Exact dates can be tailored to suit the needs of Keepers' individual campaigns:

Fourteen months ago, police paid a visit to Emily Schumaker, age 41, owner and resident at 42 East Street. Schumaker has been named suspect in an alleged rape of a neighborhood teen girl who was fundraising door-to-door for a school band trip (handout 1). Internal police records state that according to the

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alleged victim, Schumaker invited the high-school aged girl into her kitchen to look over the magazine subscriptions the girl was selling. While there, the girl accepted a cold drink from Schumaker. The drink was allegedly laced with a knock-out drug, and the girl raped by Schumaker. Hours later, the girl made her way back home, in a state of "great distress and semi-incoherence." Her family called the police, and they took the description of Schumaker.

The police interview with Schumaker at her home was apparently enough for the police to seek to return with an arrest warrant two days later.

Upon the police officers' return to 42 East Street with an arrest warrant, police found Emily Schumaker dead in her basement from apparent suicide. Obvious cause of death was hanging, and later autopsy revealed that Schumaker had also downed every bottle of pills in her medicine cabinet.

Prior to the rape allegation, Schumaker had a completely clean police record, not even parking or speeding tickets.

(Handout 2)

"Suicide on East Street, May Be Connected to Assault"

On Thursday, Arkham police visited 42 East Street with an arrest warrant for Emily Schumaker, 41, possibly in connection with the reported drugging and sexual assault of a neighborhood teenager just days before. Police found Schumaker dead of apparent suicide at the house.

According to Arkham police detective Jane Yaris, police had questioned Schumaker just days earlier in relation to the alleged sexual assault on an Arkham high school student selling magazine subscriptions door-to-door as part of a fundraising effort. Police returned to the Schumaker residence two days later with an arrest warrant.

Receiving no response to ringing the bell and knocking at the door, police forcibly entered the home through the front door and searched the house. Schumaker, who lived alone, was found in the basement of the house. Officers found a significant quantity of so-called "date rape" drug ketamine hydrochloride in the house. Detective Yaris states that they do not know how Schumaker, a former web designer for a Worcester-based advertisement agency, may have come to possess quantities of the drug, but that Schumaker had no prior criminal record. Calls to Schumaker's place of employment have not been returned. Schumaker lived alone.

East Street residents are shaken by the events of the past week on their normally quiet street. Most declined comment, though one resident, 82 year old Marta Graves, stated "Arkham's a strange place. Odd things happen here. It's always been this way, ever since I was a girl. Maybe not on East Street, until now, but still, it's Arkham."

(Handout 3)

"Arkham Man Cleared of Charges"

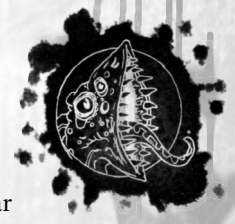
November 13, 1933

Eminent Arkham native and supporter of the arts Stuart Portman was acquitted today of all charges stemming from an indecent assault charge levied against him by Ms. Susan Spaulding of Boston. As Gazette readers will recall, Ms. Spaulding, reporter for Enigma magazine, filed charges against Mr. Portman last year, after she had alleged to have visited Portman's West Pickman street home on journalistic matters. Spaulding had claimed that Portman drugged her, then took advantage of her drug-induced impairment. Portman claimed that Spaulding came alone, was "very forward seeming," and that she enjoyed "staying late."

Following Judge Randall's dismissal of charges, Ms. Spaulding could not be reached for immediate comment. Her editor, Harvey Walters, declined to comment on the events surrounding the case but adamantly defends Ms. Spaulding's character, claiming that "she is a morally upstanding, very decent girl, and one heck of a reporter."

Portman says he is relieved that judge Keezar Randall has dismissed the charges, and "being a gentleman," will not seek charges against Spaulding for defamation of character. "I'm just happy to be back to doing what I love best, advocating for arts and culture." Mr. Portman is a well-known and well-respected supporter of the arts on the North Shore and is believed to have the largest private library in Essex county.

The Libraries



Arkham Public Library has backfiles of the Arkham Advertiser, Arkham Gazette, and Boston Globe; the University's Orne Library carries similar backfiles. A successful **Library Use** roll at either place turns up an article in the Arkham Advertiser (handout 1), dated fourteen months ago:

The following week's paper detail another disturbing report (handout 2):

Another successful **Library Use** roll shows that a year following these disturbing events, the Schumaker house was sold at auction to Arkham Independent Real Estate Agency.

A front page, lower column story for the Arkham Advertiser, the facts of the article are reprinted as a small box of text buried in the middle of the Boston Globe's regional news section.

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Blog entries taken from Emily Schumaker's web page:

(Handout 4)

"Finished Orwell's 1984 two nights ago. Pretty good stuff, but Animal Farm is still a personal favorite. Purchased a new book yesterday at the George Portman estate sale. Attractive thing, bound in rich leather, and with 'My Life' printed on it in gilt. Appears to be a diary or something. Sort of creepy, buying a book from the estate of a murderer, but I suppose it's kind of a thrill to own something from a murderer's library. Got it for a real steal – five bucks! You know, I wonder if it's the killer's own diary! That would be too weird. The writing inside looks too old to be George Portman's but maybe it's a relative of his or something like that."

(Handout 5)

"It's definitely a diary. Doesn't appear to be George Portman's diary (whew!), but a probably a relative: Stuart Portman. Apparently creepiness runs in the Portman family. That Stuart guy was in to some pretty perverted stuff. I've just started to read it, but the guy apparently did some pretty awful things to women in his day; we'll see if he ultimately gets away with it, if the diary goes that far. Fascinating read – I hate to put the thing down – puts today's 'true crime' paperbacks to shame!"

(Handout 6)

"Have had awful dreams lately. Terrible dreams – involving women. I'm not a lesbian. And I don't force people like that. Why am I having these dreams? Worse, why are they so appealing? That diary has brought out a side of me I don't like, and worse, I can't seem to stop the images in my head. I find myself looking at women in a way I have never done before. And the hunger – for them – is awful. It's not even a lesbian/straight thing, the scary part – it's wanting to own them, to have complete control. It's frightening."

(Handout 7)

"Betsy Holmer. She's fifteen, and she lives on my street. I find myself standing by my window, just waiting for her to get off the bus. It frightens me. One minute I'm at my computer – like now – the next I'm drawing aside the front curtain, looking for her. It's like I'm not me. I shake myself to regain composure, bring myself back from wherever – whoever – but gradually I lose it again. There's stuff in my medicine cabinet – ketamine hydrochloride – that I don't remember buying, but there it is. Jesus what the hell is happening to me? It has to be that book. But that's just crazy. Am I crazy?"

At the Newspaper Offices

Of Arkham's two newspapers, only the Advertiser ran the above stories. The Gazette has fallen from its once lofty status to become a mere weekly shopper, full of advertisements for local crafts fairs, martial arts studios, hairdressers, etc. However, Investigators specifically digging into the deep archives of the Gazette (with a successful **Library Use** roll) will find potential gold in the yellowed columns of long-gone reporter Willard Peck (see handout 3).

Access to the newspaper's morgues is gained via successful Fast Talk, Law, Persuade, or Credit Rating rolls. Essentially looking like an "upright citizen" and politely inquiring is enough to gain access. (Handout 3) is available only in the deep backfiles of the Arkham Gazette:

42 East Street, Arkham

Investigators searching 42 East Street in search of clues will be disappointed. A tidy, 1940's era cape-style, two-bedroom home, the place has been thoroughly cleaned out by Arkham Independent Real Estate pursuant to their acquisition of the property for resale. A real estate "for sale" sign swings in the breeze out on the front lawn, offering Phyllis Gagne's name and office number, and a smiling image of the realtor.

Close inspection of the front door reveals fairly recent repair work has been done where the police forcibly entered the home over a year ago. The home's front door, back kitchen door, and cellar-access bulkhead are all locked, requiring a successful **Locksmith** roll to enter.

Within, Investigators will find a house barren of furniture and personal effects, ready for resale and frustrating any attempts to gather clues as to what occurred here some fourteen months previous.

What now?

At this point Investigators may have these facts in hand:

- The Investigators likely have in their possession a mysterious book, taken from a friend in trouble.
- Friend Ryan Davies says he received the book as part of an estate sale, purchased from Arkham Independent Real Estate.
- The real estate agency reveals that the books came from 42 East Street.
- At 42 East Street, something very dire occurred approximately a year ago: likely rape then suicide.
- Is the rape and suicide linked to Ryan Davies present situation? Did Emily Schumaker fall prey to the mysterious diary, commit a violent sexual crime, and then kill herself days later? If so, where did she get the book?

Clever Investigators will seize on the fact that Emily Schumaker was a web designer, and therefore may have had a significant web presence or blog space (allow an **Idea** roll for this if no Player Investigator decides independently to do a web search on Schumaker). A simple web search will turn up that Emily Schumaker did indeed have a personal web site and running blog. The entries run for a number of months, and reveal:

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- Emily Schumaker was interested in all aspects of web design.
- She was also something of a used book collector; her reading interests were eclectic.
- About a year and a half ago, Schumaker picked up a book at an estate sale of one George Portman. The book had an attractive leather binding and seemed to be a personal diary. Intrigued, Schumaker bought it for a mere five dollars (see handout 4).
- Things started to get strange as Schumaker read more in the bizarre diary, which she claims is some sort of weird family history (see handout 5).
- Schumaker starts getting urges and having dreams similar to the events in the diary. She wants to stop reading but cannot (see handout 6).
- The last web log details Schumaker's awareness of a teenage girl on her street, and having feelings towards the girl that both arouse and frighten her. Somehow it all seems connected with that book she purchased (see handout 7).
- The web entries abruptly stop. Their ending coincides with the attack of the teenage girl on East Street and Schumaker's suicide.

Based on these blog entries, Investigators now have a new lead: "the George Portman estate sale."

Facts about George Portman

- Inherited his great-uncle's large Arkham home in the early 1980s after it had been sitting vacant for many years.
- Quickly became obsessed with the life of his great-uncle Stuart Portman after finding Stuart's diary.
- About a year after moving in to his great-uncle's estate, George Portman is accused of raping and murdering a female college student living on his street.
- Portman arrested, pleads innocent to charges. Later changes plea to insanity. Sentenced to life in prison without parole.
- Years of lawyers, lawsuits and appeals sap away Portman's fortune – he is forced to sell his family home in Arkham.
- North Shore auction firm sells off Portman's household effects, including the diary of his great-uncle.

(Handout 8)

"Englishman Inherits Great-Uncle's Home"

Although the first English settlers in Arkham arrived on the Mayflower over 350 years ago, our good city continues to beckon newcomers from the mother country to our shores. Such a newcomer is George Portman, who arrived here last month. Mr. Portman, originally from Bradford, England, has transferred his residence to Arkham's Portman House on West Pickman Street. The residence – once the home of influential Arkhamite Stuart Portman – sat abandoned for many years until it was recently rediscovered by Mr. George Portman as part of his inheritance.

"I've been to the United States several times in the past, mostly on business, and find its pace suits me. I look forward to fixing up my great-uncle's old place and making it my own."

Welcome to Arkham and America, Mr. Portman!

(Handout 9)

"Local Home a Museum of Literary Treasures"

(Dated approximately a year after Handout 8)

Local homeowner George Portman, who inherited his grand-uncle's estate a year ago, is discovering a horde of literary treasures in his West Pickman Street home. "My great uncle Stuart collected rare and wonderful books from all around the world," declares current resident George Portman. "I've been fixing up the house for almost a year now, and the books left behind by my great-uncle are remarkable treasures." Portman pulled two books from a nearby shelf as evidence: "See this, a first edition Washington Irving. And this, a child's prayerbook, bound in deerskin. It was printed by the firm of Barker in London in 1618 and likely came over on the Mayflower." These two treasures are but a few acquired by the late Stuart Portman, whose book collection became one of the finest private libraries on the North Shore. George Portman has taken it upon himself to organize and assess his ancestor's literary trove. "Despite all these wonderful published works," declares Portman, "my favorite book is this." Portman holds up a large, bound book with the words My Life etched in silver on its cover. "No, it's not Mein Kampf," jokes Portman, "in fact it's my great-uncle's diary. I've just discovered it and look forward to reading it." When asked what he'll do with all the other fine books in his home, Portman remains undecided. "I'd like to read a few of them, of course. Perhaps someday I'll donate them to the local library or university." No doubt Mr. Portman's words will stir interest at both Arkham Public Library and at Miskatonic's Orne Library! In the meantime, we hope Mr. Portman enjoys his great-uncle's diary and the continued refurbishment of his West Pickman street home.

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(Handout 10)

"Rape and Murder Shock Arkham, Suspect Already in Custody"

(Dated approximately six months after Handout 9)

Shocking news today of a weekend rape and murder of a Miskatonic University undergraduate. Rhonda Jackman, a junior at the University, was found in the early morning hours on Sunday at the home of Arkham resident George Portman. Jackman had been found drugged with Ketamine Hydrochloride – a popular date-rape drug - and was pronounced dead of asphyxiation at the Miskatonic University Medical Center. Medical examination revealed that she had been subjected to repeated sexual assault while under the influence of the date-rape drug. Arkham resident George Portman of 299 West Pickman Street, has been arrested, charged with sexual assault and murder. "It's a very sad, disturbing event," reports Arkham Chief of Police Andrew Regan. "We're pretty confident we've got the assailant, but we wish we could have prevented this from happening." Miskatonic University President Jane Harrington states "we take a very protective interest in the well-being of our student body. For something like this to happen is just terrible. No young person should ever be subject to such treatment. Our sincerest condolences go out to all the friends, family, and schoolmates of Rhonda." President Harrington says that grief counselors will be on hand throughout the upcoming weeks to help students and others cope with this tragic ordeal.

(Handout 11)

Portman Pleads Insanity in Murder Trial

Accused rapist and murderer George Portman is set to enter an insanity plea this week at Salem District Court, claiming that the spirit of a deceased relative motivated him to commit rape and murder. Readers will recall that Portman allegedly kidnapped, drugged, raped and murdered Miskatonic University undergraduate Rhonda Jackman eight months ago.

How the Investigators May Uncover These Facts

A **Library Use** roll going through the newspaper files at the Arkham Public Library, the Miskatonic University Library, or the newspaper morgue will turn up a long string of articles beginning with a minor column (Arkham *Advertiser* only) "Englishman Inherits Great-Uncle's Home" and ending with "Portman Estate Sale Saturday" (again, Arkham Advertiser only).

Investigators can travel to the maximum-security prison in Walpole, Massachusetts and interview George Portman.

A native of Great Britain, Mr. Portman has no prior criminal record either in the United States or in his native England. The Advertiser has featured Mr. Portman in the past for the renovation of his historic home in town, as well as the rare book collection Mr. Portman inherited from his great-uncle, bibliophile Stuart Portman.

According to police reports, Miss Jackman was last seen by schoolmates leaving an off-campus party on Boundary Street around two-thirty in the morning on Sunday. A silver, late-model Saab pulled up to Miss Jackman, and the driver of the vehicle forced Miss Jackman into the car, then sped off with her. Friends attempting to catch up with the pair could not get to the vehicle in time, but made out a partial description of the vehicle to Arkham police.

Arkham police detectives, working off the description of the license plate, were able to track the vehicle as belonging to Mr. George Portman. Upon arriving at Mr. Portman's residence later Sunday morning, police were admitted to the residence by Mr. Portman. Inside, detectives found Miss Jackman unconscious. Emergency medical personnel transported Miss Jackman to Arkham Medial Center where she was pronounced dead. Mr. Portman was taken into custody without incident.

Interview with a Murderer

Investigators may wish to obtain an in-person interview with George Portman, who is quite alive and serving his time at MCI-Cedar Junction maximum security prison in South Walpole, Massachusetts. South Walpole is a community southwest of Boston, about an hour's drive from Arkham. The prison is along Route 1A, a large, cheerless, whitewashed concrete compound with nine observation towers, twenty-foot perimeter walls, and five strands of barbed electrical wire on top.

Investigators contacting the Superintendent of the Prison may, with police credentials, press credentials, or a successful **Law** roll be admitted to see Mr. George Portman. Investigators are admitted through a phalanx of barriers and security checkpoints to the interview room. All visitors, including those with police credentials, will be asked to temporarily surrender any personal firearms or other weapons, cigarette lighters, keys, etc. and will be thoroughly searched before being allowed into the confines of the maximum security prison.

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The interview room consists of a concrete chamber bisected by a long counter, surmounted by clear, shatterproof plexiglass plating. A telephone on each side of the glass is used to communicate. George Portman is escorted to his side of the glass by two large, baton-wielding corrections officers. Portman wears a bright orange jumpsuit, booties of the same color, and is shackled at the wrists and ankles by a connecting length of stainless steel chain.

George Portman does not look well. He is gaunt, haggard, and haunted-looking. In his early forties, Portman's hair has grayed prematurely and is uncombed. His eyes dart to and fro, fully taking in the aspect of his interviewers before continuing their endless roving about the confines of the place. Successful Psychology rolls hint that a glint of madness shimmers in his eyes.

- Portman will (naturally) want to know why Investigators have come to see him. Regardless of their exact questions, the content of Portman's side of the conversation runs thusly:
- He swears he never did kidnap, rape, and kill the Jackman girl. It was "him, the monster," states Portman.
- Portman makes reference to a book, "a damn book that I never should have read." He says his life would have been forever normal and happy if he'd never found and opened that damn book.
- "He gets out of the book, gets in your head," asserts Portman. "Somehow, he's in that book, and then he gets out, and you do what he wants." The prisoner grimaces, "then he retreats back in there. He's a monster."
- "Find the book!" exhorts Portman. "Find it, and destroy it! Destroy him before he can do this to someone else. It's all in there. Destroy it, and destroy him."

At this point Portman can offer no further helpful information, and the interview should conclude. With a last sad look, the prisoner is escorted out of the room and back to his solitary cell by the guards. Investigators may recover their temporarily surrendered items and leave the cheerless confines of the penitentiary.

By now Investigators should have followed up on one or more of these leads:

- Ryan Davies at the police station or at his home
- Katelyn Davies at the Davies household
- Emily Schumaker's Internet journal entries
- Phyllis Gagne at Arkham Independent Realty
- George Portman at MCI-Cedar Junction prison in Walpole, Massachusetts
- Assorted Globe and Advertiser articles detailing the tragic events surrounding Emily Schumaker and George Portman soon after the acquisition of Stuart Portman's book My Life

(Handout 12)

Portman Found Guilty of Rape, Murder

(Dated approximately twelve days after handout 11)

A jury today found George Portman, of Arkham, guilty of the rape and murder of Miskatonic University junior Rhonda Jackman. Mr. Portman visibly broke down as the verdict was read. Jackman's family was also visibly upset. Portman is set to be sentenced tomorrow at Salem District Court.

(Handout 13)

Portman Sentenced to Life Without Parole

(Dated approximately 24 hours after handout 12)

Judge Kathleen Archambault today sentenced convicted rapist and murderer George Portman of Arkham to life in prison without the possibility of parole. Portman's attorneys promise to appeal Portman's case. Portman is to be transferred to MCI-Cedar Junction penitentiary in Walpole, Massachusetts.

Several further articles detail failed appeals by Portman's attorneys. As the legal proceedings bled away Portman's sizable financial portfolio, the final article in the Arkham Advertiser lists an estate sale at 299 West Pickman Street, Arkham.

(Handout 14)

Estate Sale Today at 299 West Pickman Street in Arkham

Books, furnishings, quality home electronics and more tomorrow only at 299 West Pickman Street, Arkham, 10 am to 4 pm All items to be sold at pennies on the dollar.

It is also likely that Investigators have Stuart Portman's cursed diary My Life in their possession, either finding it for themselves in the Davies household or being given it by a fearful Katelyn Davies.

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SAMPLE ENTRIES FROM *My Life:*

November 14th, 1933

"Acquitted of all charges - huzzah! I knew that the jury and that old fool Judge Randall would see only my family name and my money and I'd be acquitted. Good riddance to that Spaulding woman - she should make no further trouble, now that she's been publicly humiliated. Must order more ketamine."

January 24th, 1934

"Last night, a fine evening, thanks to that little Portuguese tramp from French Hill. Perhaps I'll call on her again. Things got a little rough, but I did not even have to use the bottle. She cried, but they all do. The little hussy - what an actress. Doctor's appointment later today. Will check the post office on the way over to see if the Italian folio is waiting for me. Perhaps a graduate student from Miskatonic can help me translate it."

February 14th, 1934

"Bad news from Doctor Halpner: they found a spot on my lung. Damn! Must give up the Balkan Sobranies. This puts everything in a new light. Hell, I can beat it. Found a pretty young thing from the Languages department at Miskatonic to help me with the folio. I've been keeping her late every night this week. She's coming around. Perhaps tonight? She's rather willful - the ketamine will work its magic, no doubt."

March 22nd, 1934

"More bad news from Halpner: it's spread, and growing quickly. Must find a way to beat this. Had my way with the graduate student. As I suspected, the ketamine was required. She was so mortified after that she'll handily keep mum, though I doubt she'll be around to help me translate the rest of the folio. That is all right - it's mostly completed. Have ordered some new books on medicine and disorders of the lung. Tired more often."

April 11th, 1934

"Halpner and his colleagues are no help. Getting worse. There's nothing in the medical books that can help me. Halpner wants to operate, take away my left lung, but the cursed stuff is already spreading to my right. He says I can look forward to maybe a year or two, if the operation is successful. Imagine! All that misery, for a year or two! Bah!

There must be a better way!"

April 30th, 1934

"Books have been a great part of the joy in my life, and now it is to books that I turn for my very life. Not the medical books, the so-called science books of modern man. No, I turn to an older science - darker, perhaps - but can these ancient tomes with their strange secrets be any less precise than the modern texts that fail me now? I will find a way."

May 21st, 1934

"I have it. I've had it for years, right under my nose, on the shelves here in my home. The Zekerboni holds the key. It's in Italian, but my recent graduate student helper has imparted enough knowledge of the language for me to get started. For the more difficult passages - there are many - I'll hire one of those miserable foreign folk that live in French Hill. Someone that knows how to read Italian and won't make the sign of the cross after translating every other passage for me. Someone discreet, reliable, unimaginative. Offer enough petty cash and the right literate cleaning woman or truck driver or store clerk will take on the job."

July 28th, 1934

"After much translation, studying, and experimentation, I believe I have it. And none too soon. This frail body is failing. I must call on the Dark Messenger of the Gods, a sort of sentient force that is mind, will, and purpose of the utterly mindless chaos that is the true universe. I must invoke this dark will, this Black God, and release to it my fervent desire to escape this rotting prison of flesh to become something that will allow me to continue on. But what will my new form be? It is written that

(Note to Keeper: the "Angel of the Gates" is a Dimensional Shambler. It is automatically summoned when any physical harm is attempted on the book that Portman has become. The Shambler will take the book away from interlopers (possibly causing incidental carnage) and makes off with it through space and time to the Library at Carcosa. It's possible the Shambler will also transport unwitting Investigators to the Library at Carcosa as it transports the book.

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the new form must be something my soul desires. And that would be???"

August 1st, 1934

"Have made proper ritual and invoked the ceremony of the guardian. Now whatever my new form shall be when I invoke Him, my new form shall be guarded from harm by an angel of the gates."

August 6th, 1934

"By the gods of light and darkness – what have I done? But this is wonderful! I am here! Here, in the book! I am the book! I never expected He would grant me this form. But he has! No more illness, or earthly worries! An eternity to spend, here!"

(undated entry)

"I wait, and dream, and wait."

(undated entry)

"Hello, George. Yes, what you're reading here is real – yes I'm addressing you. Say hello to your great-uncle. I plan on getting to know you much better. I see you don't have a wife. No matter. We'll work something out shortly. Feeling a bit strange, are we?"

(undated entry – written in a different hand than earlier entries)

"Dear God where am I? Who am I? One minute I'm reading that terrible journal, and now I'm...where? Why can't I feel my arms and legs? It's dark, but not dark, and I can see pictures. It's as if I'm only mind. Have I been drugged? What is happening? Must remain calm. I am George Portman. I am George Portman. I was born in Bradford, England. I went to University there. I am now living in Arkham, Massachusetts. I have discovered my great-uncle's diary. He – he talked to me through it, somehow. And now I am here. Which is...where?"

October 14th, 199–

"Well, back again. This new world of the nineties fascinates me, especially this Internet business. Cars have not changed much, and I quickly mastered the use of my great-nephew's automobile. It was very handy in making off with the Jackman girl. She gave some resistance, but as usual the ketamine never fails. Of course I do not have to be subtle anymore. My great-nephew will deal

with the consequences, the whimpering whelp. God but it felt good to exercise the old lusts!"

(undated entry)

"They've taken my grand-nephew away, and so I've retreated here again, to rest and dream. This is the life. I wonder, are there other book-souls out there, somewhere? Or am I the only genius to have figured out this wonderful life? No matter. I will rest, and wait for another fool to come along. What is time and waiting, now? I have all of eternity!"

(undated entry)

"I sense another presence – female. Are you there, my darling? Yes, I am addressing you. No, you are not insane – at least not yet (smile). Let's get better acquainted..."

(undated entry – written in a different hand)

"Whoa! This is too weird! Where the hell am I? One minute I'm reading that funky old journal and sitting in front of my computer, and now I'm here – wherever the hell 'here' is. Can't feel much of anything. I think I'm in my computer room, but can't be sure. It's like that book was addressing me, was aware of me and talking to me. That's crazy. Then wham! Here I am. This is crazy. Emily Schumaker, what have you gotten yourself into?!"

(undated entry)

"Back to my fortress. Some time has passed. I sense that George – my grand-nephew – is long gone. Alive, perhaps, somewhere, but long gone. His things have been sold off. I have found myself in the grip of a young woman; her name is Emily. At first I wondered, will I be able to take control of a female as easily as I had my great-nephew? Would the fact that she was not a relative make a difference? I am glad to report it made no difference. Her will was stronger than my pathetic grand-nephew's but I am practiced and overbore her defenses. She eventually surrendered to me. I've enjoyed being in the female form, though my interests and sensibilities remain indelibly my own. I've possessed her several times, exploring this woman and her reality. She suspects little and can react to even less. Hah! What can she do but bend to my will? I've found a new target: a girl that lives on Schumaker's street. Being in the form of a woman myself this time shall make things different, perhaps challenging; certainly a novelty!"

(undated entry)

"The schoolgirl on Schumaker's street was a delight. Again, no need for subtlety. I simply invited the girl in, made her at ease, gave her the stuff in an offered drink, and then enjoyed myself tremendously. The girl

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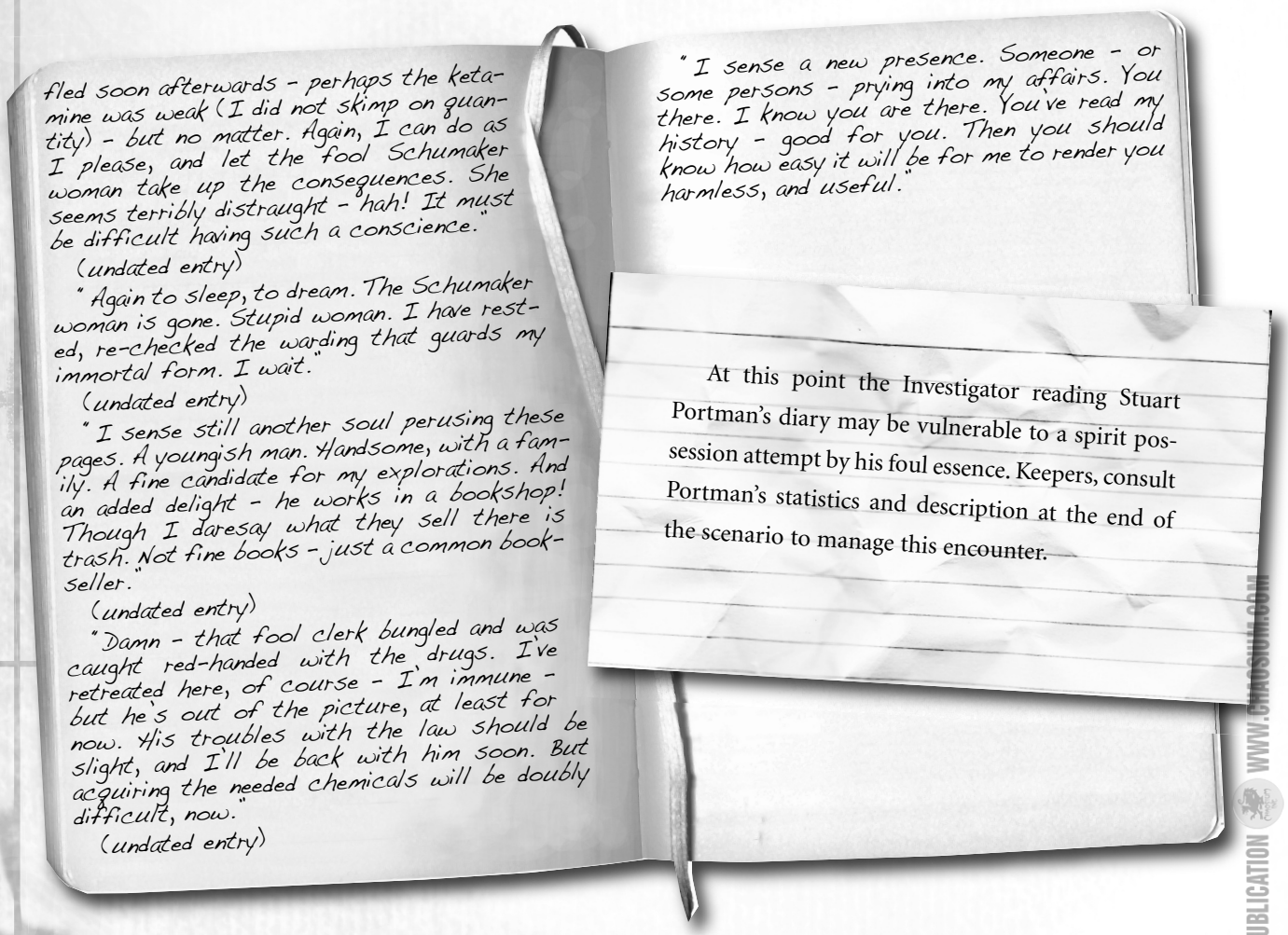

Investigators should have a good idea that Stuart Portman's My Life is at the root of the mystery. They are likely to take one or more of the following actions:

- Investigators will wish to read Stuart Portman's journal.
- Investigators will wish to destroy Stuart Portman's journal.
- Investigators will wish to ship or store away Stuart Portman's journal where it is not destroyed, but is hidden away and can do no more harm.

Stuart Portman's Journal

A large volume bound in burgundy-colored leather, the text block is edged with silver gilt and the front cover sports the words "My Life" in silver. The pages are rich, thick-fibered, and supple. The text itself is handwritten in bold strokes, as if by a fountain pen. The ink is an odd hue, rust brown (in actuality, Stuart Portman's lifeblood). On the creamy-white pages, the text font contrasts nicely, and is easy on the eyes.

The contents of the journal are anything but nice, and do not make for easy reading. Begun sometime in the 1920s, the book details the life and sex crimes of socialite Stuart Portman. The man revels in his ability to repeatedly get away with rape. Later the journal details Portman's grim awareness that he has come down with terminal lung cancer, and his many efforts at finding a cure. The journal hints that Portman is very afraid of meeting death with so many hidden crimes and abuses attached to his person. Rather than repent, Portman seeks out forbidden knowledge when conventional cures fail him. The journal details Portman's plans to transform himself into a book, his one passion in life other than indulging in illicit lusts.

From this point in the diary, the entries take on the character of Portman being transformed or transfigured into the book itself; somehow his spirit has merged with, or become, its pages. Portman exults in his newfound lease on life, and yet laments that the pleasures of the flesh which he has enjoyed for so long will now be denied to him. He wonders if somehow he can exert his will on those who read his journal.

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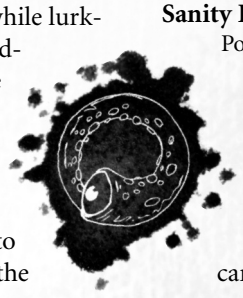
The next section of the diary details its discovery by George Portman. In a bizarre sequence, the journal's pages address George Portman, and then the narrative switches to George Portman himself, somehow trapped in the journal while his great-uncle Stuart ranges free in his grand-nephew's form. After George Portman is arrested, similar passages detail the siege of Emily Schumaker's mind and body. Lastly, the diary details a similar series of exchanges with Ryan Davies.

Investigators reading Portman's journal will soon find themselves written into its pages, and must make an immediate **POW vs. POW** roll against the book's POW of 18 to avoid being sucked into its pages, a psychic hostage, while Portman again ranges free in the bodily form of the Investigator. If this occurs, Portman will try to indulge in his sexual misconduct by having the Investigator obtain large quantities of ketamine hydrochloride, then use the drug to render female victims senseless. He is none too careful about covering up his crimes, as he can always retreat back to the pages of his journal and leave the original mind of the Investigator back in its body to face up to Portman's misdeeds. While possessing another's form, Portman will also try to protect the book or do away with nuisance acquaintances of the host body, if they in some way threaten his existence within the pages of My Life. Again, Portman feels he can be direct in his actions, fearing little if any consequences of his misdeeds.

In the occult studies that ultimately led to Portman's present state, he was able to research a number of warding spells to protect his new form. After all, what good would it be to find new life in a book only to be shredded, burned, or buried? Portman's essence is semi-sentient within its pages, and is aware of its immediate surroundings. Therefore, whenever the journal My Life is physically threatened, a ward set into place by Portman before his transformation is triggered. The ward summons a Dimensional Shambler that will take the book away from those who would do harm to its pages.

Defeating Stuart Portman

Defeating the body-possessing phantom that Stuart Portman has become will not be easy, even for experienced Investigators. To get a most direct understanding of what is happening, an Investigator will likely wish to read Portman's My Life. Portman is sentient while lurking in the pages of his book-body, so just reading the diary triggers a takeover attempt of the reader's body by Portman (see Portman's statistics at the end of the scenario). Investigators who succumb essentially free Portman to do as he will in the hapless reader's body. Portman is free to decide when to reverse the process and while in residence in the hapless reader's body, may prompt them to commit heinous crimes of lust, attempt to eliminate fellow investigators, or take the book to a secure location.



Investigators who do not fall under Portman's spell may wish to simply destroy the book. Attempting to destroy the book, bury it, or otherwise attempting to cause it harm triggers a dormant warding spell that Portman put in place just before his original transformation. The warding spell summons a Dimensional Shambler to spirit the book away to safety, and incidentally cause harm to any that get in its path. The Shambler's statistics are at the end of the scenario.

If the Shambler is defeated or driven off without the book, Investigators could then destroy the book. If this occurs, Stuart Portman would make a final, desperate attempt to possess a nearby participant he has not yet tried to inhabit. If he is successful, the hapless reader dies with the book's destruction and Portman reigns in his newly assumed host form. However, no longer having the diary to retreat to, Portman – no fool – will be much more circumspect in his actions.

One way to destroy Portman would be to kill the host body while Portman inhabits it. This is shockingly amoral and further, traps the hapless reader within the passages of My Life, forever doomed to a strange half-life within the pages of the book. However, Investigators with access to the spell "Body Warping of Gorgoroth" could conceivably transform the book back into the reader's original form.

Investigators who manage to destroy Stuart Portman while he lairs in his book-body receive 1D10 Sanity Points for doing so, plus any additional rewards for defeating a Dimensional Shambler. Those who kill Stuart Portman while he is in command of a hapless reader's body lose 1D8 Sanity Points for committing murder even while ridding the earth of a maleficent spirit.

STUART PORTMAN, book fiend

STR--	CON --	SIZ 04	INT 16	POW 19
DEX --	APP --	EDU 18	SAN 0	HP 06

Damage Bonus: n/a

Weapons: Possess*, match POWs on Resistance Table

Spells: Summon Dimensional Shambler**

Skills: none

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 to experience possession by Stuart Portman's spirit.

* A **POW vs. POW** roll against Portman's POW of 18 is required to resist Portman's spirit from transferring itself into a target's mortal body. If successful, the reader's consciousness, in turn, is banished to the pages of his journal, My Life. Keepers at this juncture can add entries to My Life as if in the voice of the

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Investigator trapped in its pages. A single, initial successful roll is needed by the monster Portman to come and go at will from the journal to the hapless reader. The victim must make a **POW x 4** roll to accurately recall these episodes. As each day between episodes passes, the hapless reader must succeed at a **POW x 3** roll (day two), **POW x 2** roll (day three), **POW x 1** roll (day four), a halved **POW** roll (day five) and finally, by day six, all that remains of the episodes are queer, distorted memories and fuzzy sensations. And, typically, the earthly consequences of Portman's immoral sprees while loose in the victim's mortal shell.

DIMENSIONAL SHAMBLER, plane-traveling book guardian

STR 19	CON 16	SIZ 19	INT 7	POW 10
DEX 10	APP --	EDU --	SAN --	HP 18

Damage Bonus: + 1D6

Weapons: Claw* 30%, 1D8 + db

Armor: 3-point thick hide

Spells: none

Sanity Loss: 0/1D10 Sanity points to encounter the Dimensional Shambler.

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